

A Lash to Disloyalty.

Rouze, rouze my Muse ! Why dost thou silent lie,
When Truth's oppress'd, & Mischief soars so high ?

Rouze then ! and lash with thy severest Rage

Th' Ingratitude of a *Rebellious Age* :

O how Unhappy 'tis, and Dismal, for to see

This one poor Nation, not from Discord free !

What hellish Furies does possess your minds,

That thus to *Plotting* you are so inclin'd,

Against your KING, so *Innocent* and *Just*,

Whose chief delight was to maintain your Trust :

Inhumane Vipers ! still Plot with strife

To take away your great Preservers Life !

Have you not rais'd your Fortunes by your Prince ?

And now to seek his Life ! O Impudence

Of Men ! What Crime did He,

That you should thus design his Injury ?

If He at first severity had shown,

None would presum'd for to usurp the Throne,

Nor yet to aim so high to wear the Crown. }

Those foolish men who do such courses take,

May curse their first-born day, and cruel Fate,

Which first misled by Pride, whose sublime Wings

Caus'd the conspiring 'gainst so good a King.

Infatiate *Monmouth* ! what made Thee conspire,

When Thou hadst all things to thy hearts desire,

Except a Crown ? which not being thine by Birth,

Thou thoughtst to gain it by thy Fathers Death.

Thy lofty Pride, and too too rigid ways,

If thou repent not, will make short thy days :

Therefore beware, let no such thought ensue,

To mount you higher than what is your due ;

But Trait'rous *Armstrong* was thy first undoing,

And, if forsaken not, will be thy Ruine ;

'Twas He that did at first thy Thoughts mislead,

To have thy Royal Father murdered ;

Icarus, with whom I may You well compare ;

For He, regarding not his Fathers Care,

Mounting so high, although his wings so weak,

Which by the Sun, by its excessive heat,

Quite pierced were ; so head-long in the Main

He tumbling down, the Waters bore his Name :

So first, had You your Fathers Council took,

Your Native Land you need not have forlook :

But

But Time will come, when You will curse the day
That you your Father did not then obey,
Will curse that *Armstrong* first led you astray.
Had *Armstrong* first, (that Traytor) had his due,
He for his Crimes had suffer'd long ago ;
Yet 'twas the goodness of a Gracious King
To spare his Life for his committed Sin ;
And now to prove a Traytor ! nay, the worst !
From Heaven surely he must be accurst ;
For thus far God commands, as *Fear* to Him,
As for Obedience, *Honour* to the King.

Essex, whose Father was so brave and stout,
That to his last did for the King hold out ;
To die he fairly came ; yet fear'd not death,
But bravely for his Prince resign'd his Breath :
Such was his Courage, such his Noble mind,
That thought by Death immortal Life to find :
But He, as if to blast his Fathers ways,
Instead of *Honour*, got himself *Dispraise* :
For when in *Tower*, where he lay convinc'd
Of the conspiring 'gainst his Royal Prince ;
His troubl'd Conscience did him then accuse,
To think he should so good a King abuse ;
His heart being broke, no longer could contend
From doing that which prov'd his Tragick end.

Now talk of *Russel* : now, O Muse, begin,
Not for his Praise, but for his Guilt of Sin,
In his contriving how to kill the King :
So vain were all his thoughts, and eke so Vile,
As to press forward for the Dukes Exile :
A Prince whose Goodness and whose Greatness can
Scarcely be par'lell'd in the Age of Man :
Such was his Courage, when in War he fought,
That still he Honour to the Nation brought :
But *Russel's* Pride it was the only thing,
Which first conspiring caus'd against his King,
And was the first Original of Sin.

For 'twas by Pride he aim'd at things so high,
Which brought him thus so shamefully to die.

Live long the King, and keep him Heav'n, I pray,
From such that seek his Life to take away :
Increase his days, long flourish still his Crown,
That Peace and Truth may in the Land abound.

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